

Hide and Seek

A YEARLY ANTHOLOGY
OF QUOTATIONS
FOR COMPETITION

BY
"FREEMANTLE"

ONE HUNDRED & THIRTEENTH YEAR

Price £2.25

2010

COUPON
2010

RULES

1. The answers with full references and with the Coupon attached, must be sent in by November 1st 2010 to:- MISS ASPINALL, THE FERRY HOUSE, LELANT, ST IVES, CORNWALL TR26 3DZ and the letters 'H. & S.' clearly written on the envelope.
 2. By full reference is meant, author, title, volume, book, chapter, act, scene, etc. and verse or line, except in the case of very short poems. In plays or dialogue, the name of the speaker must be given.
 3. The quotations are from English and American literature only. No author is quoted more than once.
 4. Twenty marks will be given for any answers found by only one competitor and ten marks for any answers found by only two competitors.
 5. If the Internet has been used, please write 'Net' after your answer. 5 marks will be awarded (if the Net has the right answer, of course!)
 6. Papers will be returned with Answer Sheet, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.
 7. Orders for the 2011 edition of *Hide and Seek* can be sent to:- MISS ASPINALL, THE FERRY HOUSE, LELANT, ST IVES, CORNWALL TR26 3DZ. Price £2.25. Publication will be December 2010.
- For more copies of the present edition same address any time.

JANUARY

I

Let light
Rise from the chambers of the east, and bring
The honied dew that cometh on waking day

II

But forth one wavelet, then another
curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be supprest,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then
overflowed the world,

III

O, what a wondrous rustling everywhere!
The steady shadows shook and thinned and died,
The shining grass flashed brightness back for brightness,
And sleep was gone, and there was heavenly lightness

IV

The sun, with ruddy orb
Ascending, fires t'horizon; while the clouds,
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disk emerges more,
Resembles most some city in a blaze,
Seen through the leafless wood.

V

Of course it is talking of you.
At dawn, where the ocean has netted its catch of lights,
The sun plants one lithe foot
On that spill of mirrors.

VI

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with raindrops; – on the moors
The hare is running races with her mirth.

FEBRUARY

I

Before the blazing fire of wood
Erect the rapt musician stood,
And ever and anon he bent
His head upon his instrument.

II

Scrapenberg, as the eldest hand,
Leads a first fiddle to the band,
A second follows suit
Anon the ace of Horns comes plump
On the two fiddles with a thump.

III

The four Miss Rawbolds in a glee would shine;
But the two youngest loved more to be set
Down to the harp - because to Music's charms
They added graceful necks, white hands and arms.

IV

He stood in a loop of green
And his fingers
On the wires
Feigned their heart's deep
Hidden desires
For a country that never was seen.

V

See Handel, careless of a foreign fame,
Fix on our shore, and boast a Britain's name:
While, placed marmoric in the vocal groove
He guides the measures listening throngs approve.

VI

But as fiddlers still,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jigge upon you: so did hee
With his long complementall thanks vexee mee

MARCH

I

My heart is true: I've neither will nor charms
To lure away your maidens from your arms.
Trust me a little. Must I always stand
Lonely, a stranger from an unknown land?

II

Passing stranger! you do not know how longingly I look
upon you;
You must be he I was seeking, or she I was seeking (it
comes to me, as of a dream).
I have somewhere surely lived a life of joy with you.

III

For nature, heartless, witless, nature,
Will neither care nor know
What stranger's feet may find the meadow
And trespass there and go.

IV

The room was empty, but not for long
You thought you knew them, but they always changed
To something stranger, if you looked closely
Into their faces. And you wished you hadn't come

V

"Let us look at the sky
And question what of the night to be,
Stranger, you and I."

VI

And no-one sees
A restless stranger through the morning stray
Across the sodden lawn, whose eyes
Are tired of weeping, in whose breast
A savage sun consumes its hidden day.

APRIL

I

And thou hast heard of yore the Blatant Beast
And Roland's horn, and that war-scattering shout
Of all-unarmed Achilles, aegis-crowned.
And perilous lands thou sawest, sounding shores
And seas and forests drear.

II

She alone
Knew from her birth the mystic Avalon.

III

... all was weary and one
And then, and then, in the quiet garden,
With never a weed to kill
We knew his shining tail had shone
In the white road over the hill.

IV

Folks say, a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous thing did show.
That through one window men beheld the spring
And through another saw the summer glow

V

Gods of the winged shore!
With them the silver hounds,
Sniffing the trace of air!

VI

Having actually got
If perhaps
To the last col, you collapse
With all Atlantis gleaming
Below you, yet you cannot
Descend, you should still be proud

MAY

I

Only the soul that goes,
Eager. Eager. Flying
Over the globe of the moon.
Over the wood that glows,
A rush and a wild crying.

II

... She rather favoured a tree-stump amongst some tall fox-gloves.
But – seated upon the stump, she was startled to find an
elegantly dressed gentleman reading a newspaper

III

Ducks require no ship and sail
Bellied on the foaming skies,
Who send north. Male and female
Make a slight nest to arise
Where they overtake the spring

IV

And ducks are soothly things
And lovely on the lake
When that the sunlight draws
Thereon their pictures dim
In colours cool.

V

As a blue-necked mallard alighting in a pool
Among marsh-marigolds, and splashing wet
Green leaves and yellow blooms, like jewels set
In bright, black mud ...

VI

Four ducks on a pond
A grass bank beyond,
A blue sky of spring
What a little thing
To remember for years –

JUNE

I

What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

II

... the first ball of the over came skimming down towards him.
It was a beauty. It was jam. He smote it as Saul smote the
Philistines. It soured away in a splendid parabola, and struck the
Pavilion roof with a noise like the crack of doom,

III

The large boy
kindly
hurled my ball
with amazing skill
high over the roof.

IV

Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground
The gathering globe augments with every round.
But whither shall I run ? the throng draws nigh,
The ball now skims the street, now soars on high.

V

How straight it flew, how long it flew,
It cleared the rutty track
And soaring, disappeared from view
Beyond the bunker's back –
A glorious, sailing, bounding drive
That made me glad I was alive.

VI

The ball I threw while playing in the park
Has not yet reached the ground.

JULY

I

And in the feathery aster bees on wing
Seize and set free the honied flowers,
Till thousand stars leap with their visiting.

II

For bees have swarmed behind in a closed place
Pent up between this glass and the outer wall.
The combs are founded, the queen keeps her court,
Bees posted at the entrance-clink
Are sampling each returning honey-cargo.

III

For so work the honey-bees
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom:
They have a king and officers of sorts;
When some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad.

IV

This is the true hanging on for the bees
So slow I hardly knew them,
Filing like soldiers
To the syrup tin.

V

And swarthy bees, about the grass,
That stop with every bloom they pass,
And every minute, every hour,
Keep teasing weeds that wear a flower.

VI

Into the hive the clustered thousands stream,
Mounting the little slatted sloping step,
A ready colony, queen, workers, drones,
Patient to build again the waxen thrones
For younger queens.

33

33

AUGUST

I

The sea-forsaken forlorn deep wrinkled
Salt slanting stretches of sand
That slopes to the seaward hand,
Were they fain of the ripples that flashed and
twinkled
And laughed as they struck the strand?

II

It must be heaven,
There on that island
the white sand shines
like a birchwood fire.

III

'twas a great eve,
The rocks were silent, the wide sea did weave
An untumultuous fringe of silver foam
Along the flat brown sand

IV

Very like indeed:
Sea and sky, afar, on high,
Sand and strewn seaweed, –
Very like indeed.

V

Twist then and twine! in light and gloom
A spell is on thy hand;
The wind shall be thy changeful loom,
Thy web the shifting sand....

VI

The waves came shining up the sands,
As here today they shine;
And in my pre-pelagian hands
The sand was warm and fine.

SEPTEMBER

I

A car comes up, with lamps full-glare,
That flash upon a tree:
It has nothing to do with me,
And whangs along in a world of its own,
Leaving a blacker air,
And mute by the gate I stand again alone
And nobody pulls up there.

II

I thought how strong we grow when we're alone
And how unlike the selves that meet and talk,
And blow the candles out, and say goodnight.

III

The solemn peaks but to the stars are known,
But to the stars, and the cold lunar beams:
Alone the sun rises, and alone
Spring the great streams.

IV

I am always alone, I speak to no one
But that shabby Bernado, nor do I wish to:
Trudging up and down Italy, wearing out my shoes and
life.

V

I have made myself alone now.
Outside the tent endless
Drifting hummock crests.
Words drifting on words

VI

Homicide, pacifist, crusader, tyrant, adventurer, bore
Staggered about moaning, shooting into the dark,
Next day, to tidy up as usual, the sun came in
When they and their ammunition were all finished
He found himself alone.

OCTOBER

I

Perhaps O kettle! Thou by scornful toe
Rude urg'd t'ignoble place with plaintive din,
May'st rust obscure midst heaps of vulgar tin;-
As if no joy had ever seized my breast
When from thy spout the steams did arching fly, -

II

I took a kettle large and new,
Fit for the deed I had to do.

My heart went hop, my heart went thump;
I filled the kettle at the pump.

III

... I took a fire-shovel and tongs, which I wanted extremely; as also
two little brass kettles, a copper pot to make chocolate, and a gridiron:
and with this cargo, and the dog, I came away.

IV

We had a kettle: we let it leak:
Our not repairing it made it worse.
We haven't had any tea for over a week.
The bottom is out of the universe.

V

... He was under a long time, but came up at last close to the Pike Rock.
He rested there, holding to the rock with one hand. With the other he
Held up ----'s black kettle.

VI

The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fastened to a joist;
But with the up-side down to show
Its inclination far below:
In vain: for some superior force
Applied at bottom stops its course;

NOVEMBER

I

O thou, who plumed with strong desire
Wouldst float above the earth, beware!
A shadow tracks thy flight of fire –
Night is coming.

II

The spot our village children know'
For there the earliest wild-flowers grow;
But woe betide the wandering wight,
That treads its circle in the night

III

As my feet dangling teased the foam
That slid below
A girl came out. "Take care!" she said
Ages ago.

IV

What though the sea be calm? Trust to the
shore
Ships have been drown'd where late they danc'd
Before

V

Beware
The sun never comes here
Round about and round I go
Up and down and to and fro
The woodlouse hops upon the tree
Or should do but I really cannot see

VI

Christian 'tis the song of fear.
Wolves are round thee, night is near,
And the wild thou dare'st to roam –
Think, 'twas once the Indian's home!

DECEMBER

I

"Let Spades be trumps!" she said, and trumps thy were.
Now move to war her sable matadors,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillo first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.

II

Here is the man with three staves, and here the Wheel,
And here is the one-eyed merchant, and this card,
Which is blank, is something he carries on his back
Which I am forbidden to see.

III

..... you have it in your power to experience most evenings over a
well-arranged assortment of the court-cards – the pretty antic
habits, like heralds in a procession – the gay triumph-assuring
scarlets – the contrasting deadly-killing saibles – the
"hoary majesty of spades." –

IV

"Madam egad!
Your luck at cards last night was very bad;
At cribbage fifty-nine, and the next show
To make the game, and yet to want those two.

V

I said to him at the Spring Gardens Coffee House "Mr Fisher – you are
five points in the game better than I am –" I had just lost three half-crown
rubbers at cribbage to him, which loss of mine he presently
thrust into a canvas pouch.

VI

I am always trying to get to dummy –
its ledge of superior attack, its open chest of weapons,
the diamonds like stubby daggers, the clubs and the spades
short-handled maces poised to crush a trick,
the hearts dripping poison from their scarlet lips..
.....

ANSWERS TO HIDE AND SEEK 2009

JANUARY 'Birthdays'

- I. Patricia Beer. *Birthday. Poem from Venice*, last verse
- II. Auden. *Many Happy Returns*, verse 7
- III. Dylan Thomas. *Poem in October*, verse 3, lines 1-6
- IV. Ogden Nash. *A Lady thinks she is Thirty*.
- V. W.H.Davies. *The Lodging House Fire*, verse 1.
- VI. Swift. *Stella's Birthday* (1725), lines 5-8

FEBRUARY 'Water'

- I. Yeats. *Coole and Ballylee* (1931)
- II. Kathleen Raine. *Woman to Lover*, lines 1-4
- III. Emerson. *Water*.
- IV. Vernon Watkins. *Old Triton Time*, lines 4-8
- V. Ted Hughes. *Wodwo*, lines 3-6
- VI. J.E.Flecker. *Oxford Canal*, lines 9-12

MARCH 'Wildness'

- I. G.M. Hopkins. *Inversnaid*, verse 4
- II. Andrew Lang. *The Odyssey*, lines 9-13.
- III. Browning. *The Flight of the Duchess*, verse 2, lines 10-15
- IV. Edward Shanks. *The Wind*, lines 14-19
- V. de la Mare. *The Universe*, verse 2
- VI. Allen Curnow. *Wild Iron*, lines 3-7

APRIL 'Weather'

- I. Emily Bronte. *High Waving Heather*, verse 3
- II. Chatterton. *An Excelente Balade of Charitie*, verse 5, lines 1-5.
- III. Shelley. *To Jane The Recollection*, verse 4, lines 33-37.
- IV. L.A.G. Strong. *Evening before Rain*, verse 3.
- V. Peter Porter. *Two Merits of Sunshine*, verse 2, lines 7-10.
- VI. Laurie Lee. *The Three Winds*, verse 3 lines 1-5.

ANSWERS TO HIDE AND SEEK 2009

MAY 'Bird's Nests'

- I. Christopher Smart. Hymn, *St Phillip and St James*.
- II. White of Selborne. Letter XIV. March 6th 1773.
- III. R.S. Thomas. *Children's Song*, lines 13-17.
- IV. Edward Thomas. *The Chalk Pit*, verse 3, lines 35-40.
- V. Walt Whitman. *Sea Drift*, lines 27-29.
- VI. John Clare. Sonnet *The Thrush's Nest*, lines 7-11

JUNE 'Tides'

- I. W.S. Graham. *Seven Letters*, Letter VII, verse 2, lines 1-5.
- II. Thomas Hardy. *The Souls of the Slain*, verse 2.
- III. Longfellow. *The Tide Rises*, verse 2.
- IV. Swinburne. *The Triumph of Time*, verse 11, lines 3-6.
- V. Tennyson. *Sea Dreams*, verse 2, lines 1-5.
- VI. Theodore Roethke. *Meditation on Oyster River*, verse 3, lines 1-4.

JULY 'Insects'

- I. Louis MacNeice. *May-fly*, verse 3.
- II. Robert Graves. *Lost Love*, lines 12-17.
- III. James Thomson. *The Seasons: Summer*, lines 149-154.
- IV. Thomas Gray, *Ode on the Spring*, verse 3, lines 5-10.
- V. William Blake, *Milton: Book the First*, verse 29.
- VI. William Empson, *The Ants*, verse 2.

AUGUST 'Hotels and Boarding Houses'

- I. Sigfried Sasson, *The Grand Hotel*, verse 2, lines 6-10.
- II. Elizabeth Bishop, *The Summer's Dream*, verse 4.
- III. Kilvert, *Kilvert's Cornish Diary*, Friday July 29th 1870.
- IV. Betjeman, *Beside the Seaside*.
- V. Earle Birney, *Twenty-third Flight*, verse 1, lines 11-15.
- VI. Byron, *Don Juan*, Canto XI, V.XXX

ANSWERS TO HIDE AND SEEK 2009

SEPTEMBER 'Oak Trees'

- I. Sir Walter Scott, *The Bard's Incantation*, verse 2, lines 1-5.
- II. Prior, *Ode XXIV*, lines 1-4.
- III. William Barnes, *Oak Tree*, lines 45-50.
- IV. Christopher Marvell, *Upon the Death of the Lord Protector*.
- V. Cowper, *Yardly Oak*, lines 50-55.
- VI. Pope, *Windsor Forest*, lines 219-222

OCTOBER 'Jail and Gaol'

- I. John Masefield, *The Everlasting Mercy*, verse 3, lines 3-6.
- II. Oscar Wilde, *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, part 11, verse 13
- III. Boswell, *The Life of Johnson*, volume 1, 1759.
- IV. Vernon Scannell, *Jailbird*, lines 4-8.
- V. A.E. Housman, *Last Poems XII*, lines 11-14.
- VI. Rudyard Kipling, *The Lament of the Border Cattle Thief*, verse 2.

NOVEMBER 'Unfaithful Lovers'

- I. Thomas Wyatt, *And wilt thou ...*, verse 2.
- II. Robert Burns, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, verse 10, lines 1-5.
- III. Henley, *Echoes XXXVII*, verse 4, lines 3-6.
- IV. R.L. Stevenson, *IV Youth and Love*.
- V. Landor, *Poems XIX*, verse 2.
- VI. Norman MacCoy, *Sounds of the Day*, verse 4.

DECEMBER 'The Constellation of Orion'

- I. Richard Church, *Nocturne*, 114-7.
- II. Vachel Lindsey, Bryan, st.2, verse 4, lines 5-8.
- III. Keith Douglas, *Stars*, verse 1, lines 2-7.
- IV. Edith Sitwell, *Sailor, what of the isles?*, verse 7, lines 1-4.
- V. T.S. Eliot, *Sweeney*, verse 3.
- VI. Robert Frost, *The Star-Splitter*, lines 1-5.

MARKS LIST 2009

FIRST PRIZE

Alison Sheehan-Hunt.....720

SECOND PRIZE

Judith Neale and Alan Potheary.....715

THIRD PRIZE

S. A. Osborn and family.....710

Alan Hollinghurst.....680

J. A. Taylor.....640

Mike and Penny Pattinson.....620

June Walker.....615

Hilary Adam and Beryl Caward.....610

Mrs P. J. Pearce.....555

Kenneth Thornton.....520

Meryl Foster.....470

Tom Durham.....425

Florence Yarwood.....380

Anne Polhill.....335

Olga Easy.....280

NOTES

One of the good results of the new rules has been that this year we have a clear winner and clear second and third instead of several people tying for the top places. Congratulations to the winners, this is an encouraging result. Less so is the fact that entries were down. Six regular contestants failed to 'send in' perhaps because they didn't like the new rules. If this is so, it is sad. We are small anyway, and cannot afford to lose anyone. But it cannot be helped, as I am determined not to be bullied by electronics. So, if we sink, it will be with all flags flying.

But I hope not. So, if any of you can find a new seeker or so please do.

More than two people got all the quotations, so there are no extra marks this year. The NET produced a peculiar, some say pornographic, answer to February 2, which was innocently written by Andrew Lang, and two people found November 1, incorrectly quoted by Edgar Allen Poe in his unfinished play *Politian*. In the play the character Baldazzar says, 'The song is English, and oft I have heard it in merry England.' Perhaps Poe forgot the author, who was Wyatt of course, as well as the order of the lines!

Enjoy Hide and Seek 2010

The Best of Luck!

FREEMANTLE

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